

Town & District

Arrowood is a busy place these days

Next Friday is Good Friday and a public holiday as is also Easter Monday.

Mrs. W. W. Brown returned home Sunday after spending a week with friends in Calgary.

If you want to sell anything or find lines under our "Miscellaneous" ad heading will do the trick.

There are still a few delinquent subscribers on the Call list that must have attention to remain there.

The hum of the separators were in evidence on Monday, but the "beautifull" put a damper on it Tuesday morning.

Good crowds are attending the motion pictures every Saturday night and real good scenes are being produced.

We were getting some quite noisy without the fall of the beautiful Tuesday morning—but then they don't our job yet.

Under the auspices of the Queens-Town Ladies Aid Miss Segel will give one of her popular religious in the Co-operative Hall on Friday, April 13th.

All ready for the big Easter Dance next Monday in the Gleichen Community Hall under the Women's Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion on the B.E.S.L.

H. L. Dwellie returned last week from spending the winter at his home in the States to start work on his various farms and also complete threshing.

The ladies of St. Andrew's W. A. are having a spruce sale in the D. in Room of the Community Hall on Saturday, April 13th, at 2 p.m. Many useful and dainty aprons will be on hand. Easter plants will also be sold and a dainty tea will be served for 25c. A welcome for all.

Germination tests of wheat which has been threshed this spring prove that the vitality has been badly damaged. If there is a widespread danger of this spring threshed wheat disastrous result will follow. Authorities are greatly concerned over this menace and urge farmers to have their seed tested for germination.

We regret the major added "not for publication" in some of his remarks of admiration of the "Yimmie Yonson" show, which he also qualified as the best he ever saw in Gleichen.

J. O. Boggett states that he believes the sale by T. H. Beach of his Cattle last Saturday brought the best prices obtained at auction for several years past and that he was well satisfied with results. Although some of the animals did not bring all he expected or even made up the difference.

The mothers of the United Church Sunday School and Grade Ball of Gleichen met at a social designed for ladies only at the Masons on Tuesday evening. Some thirty members were present, with Messrs. R. W. Brown and Geo. Evans, as well as Miss B. Crawford in charge of the proceedings. Community singing was the first item on the program which was very much enjoyed.

An Irish contest followed in which Dr. D. Hutcheson won first prize. Mrs. Hutcheson and Mrs. Eason were entertained with some Irish songs. Mr. J. Robinson gave a few numbers and the mouth organs were much appreciated. Good eats followed and, last but not least, and the "Irish" song came to an end with the singing of "Add Long Ryan."

That the Mio-Queensdown Dramatic Society comedienne "Yimmie Yonson's" was the best ever staged in Gleichen by amateurs is frankly admitted by all who attended the splendid production in the Community Hall last Friday night. The only regret is that there was not a packed hall, which was due to other attractions that night in nearby points, there being no less than three other dances that night.

One gentleman who resides in Calgary stated he had not seen a better show in that city all winter while many others were most enthusiastic, the next day boasting for the artists.

As most everyone at some time in his life that drama is not here necessary to give an outline, and it is most difficult to qualify our actor with another, each individual taking difficult parts in the most natural and free-and-easy manner that seemed peculiarly adapted to them. Perhaps, Fred and Yimmie created the most fun, yet their parts would have been equally good if not for excellent support they obtained from the other members.

We understand this little company has been invited to display their talents in Calgary, and should they do so, it is a coronation they would have a crowned home.

Appended is a list of the artists and the parts each represented. Yimmie, Mr. Albert Ferguson. Fred, Mr. Frank Harrison. Frank, Mr. Ray Burdette. Mike, Mr. Michael Skov. Mrs. Yonson, Mrs. H. C. Turner. Mrs. Phil Phillips. Sylvia, Miss Thelma Ferguson. Peg, Miss Mildred Peterson. Kittie, Miss Albert Ferguson. Mrs. Kent, Miss B. Buckley. Director, Mr. J. M. Turner.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH SERVICES

Rev. F. M. Ross Gilbey in charge.

APRIL 8th, 1928

Holy Communion at 11 a.m.

Sunday School 11 a.m.

Evening Prayer 7:30 p.m.

Good Friday, Evening Prayer 7:30

The Sunday School scholars are to continue to bring in their Lenten boxes for Easter Sunday morning. The money derived from the Lenten boxes will be used for Home Mission work and will be presented at Sunday school on Easter Sunday morning.

Regular prayer men consider that those who hold are only nuts.

Perhaps Dempsey just imagines his night is bad because there is no light.

On Friday, April 13th, a comedy-drama "Poor Father" is to be staged in the Meadowbrook Hall by home talent that promises to provide fun in plenty. This will be followed by a dance, with Lewis' orchestra in attendance. The play will start promptly at 8:15. All are welcome.

President Hindenburg of Germany declares that he has never felt nervous. If, being married, he felt the same, he richly deserves his place of the proceedings. Community singing was the first item on the program which was very much enjoyed.

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A neurologist declares that excessive plan practice causes some nervous people to be actually next Wednesday, April 11th. Read his ad in this issue.

Jack Moss has disposed of his farm to G. T. Jones and T. H. Beach will give his livestock, farm machinery, Mrs. Hutcheson and Mrs. Eason were entertained with some Irish songs. Mr. J. Robinson gave a few numbers and the mouth organs were much appreciated. Good eats followed and, last but not least, and the "Irish" song came to an end with the singing of "Add Long Ryan."

CAPT. DANCEY RETURNS HERE

TUESDAY, APRIL 17th

The Gleichen Branch of Canadian Legion is bringing Captain S. N. Dancey back to Gleichen for another series of meetings and Tuesday, April 17th, has been definitely selected as the date.

Captain Dancey's visit several weeks ago awakened great enthusiasm and he is assured of a great welcome on his return.

The committee in charge of arrangements has finally worked out the details covering the programme for the return visit to Gleichen of Captain S. N. Dancey, on Tuesday, April 17th.

The schedule of meetings will be practically the same as the previous visit and no effort is being spared to make the night meeting a record breaker in the point of attendance and enthusiasm. The Gleichen Branch of the Canadian Legion, under whose auspices Captain Dancey comes to Gleichen, is receiving splendid co-operation from all local organizations.

The school program is scheduled for the morning. The Board of Trade luncheon will follow.

Send your change in every Monday morning.

The last C. G. I. T. meeting was held at Mrs. Riddell's on April 2nd.

How those old Puritans would have enjoyed the title of the current song hit, "My Blue Heaven."

At Medicine Hat gladiators are to be paid \$20 for each regular meeting. If this was tried in Gleichen it might not be so difficult to get candidates for our Council.

It was decided to give an Easter Tea, the proceeds to go towards paying for the C. G. I. T. rings for the whole members. This tea will be at Mrs. Riddell's home on Wednesday, April 11th, from 3 o'clock till 6. There will be a program. A charge of 35c. will be made.

The tax notes for 1928 are now issued and many of our good citizens are finding it rather difficult to raise from saying last night's words in the new assessment. Take a grip on yourselves fellows the rate is yet to be set and—leave it to our wise fathers.

A new airplane landing gear, based on the caterpillar wheel principle, has been successfully tried out in France.

An instrument with which a man may trim his own hair has been invented in New York.

Gertie Harrison, 16-year-old girl of Cardiff, played the 100-yard first hole on the Brynllwyn course in one strike.

Harold Long, 12, climbed the ivy on a 100-foot church tower at Lymington, Eng., and returned a cat.

After trying several preachers, a congregation at Boston, England, selected Dorothy Molson, a young girl, to fill their pulpit.

Some of the funniest things we hear are said by the people who take themselves seriously.

The Russian novelist, Fedor Dostoevsky, desiring a simple and easily remembered pen name, hit on the name, "Dostoevsky."

On Ohio women ruled a brazier by hitting him in a case of tomatoes. A case of being literally smitten.

Boston and Brooklyn National League teams tied for the lowest big league game on record as May 2, 1920, 8-8, innings, score to 1.

Chain Whist Drive

Ladies	710
Mrs. Vail	601
Mrs. Sather	701
Mrs. Cook	601
Mrs. R. W. Brown	601
Mrs. P. Downey	601
Mrs. BAKER	601
Mrs. McCallum	601
Mrs. Harper	601
Mrs. T. W. Bates	601
Mrs. Fidler	601
Mrs. Tomlinson	601
Mrs. Michael	601
Mrs. Lewis	601
Mrs. Taylor	601
Mrs. Geo. Evans	601
Mrs. Cuthbert	601
Mrs. Marcellus	601
Mrs. Beach	601
Mrs. W. H. James	601
Mrs. J. Young	601
Mrs. K. Thomas	601
Mrs. Perkins	601

Mr. P. Downey
Mrs. W. P. Evans
Mrs. V. Ransberg
A. E. Hanson
W. B. Bates, Jr.
T. H. Beach
Geo. Hunter
Tomlinson
Mrs. Marshall
H. Sanford
W. Pinder
W. Harrison
T. P. Parrell
H. W. Marcellus
R. W. Brown
W. McLean
A. Lewis
C. B. Hanson
W. K. Brown

APRIL 8th, 1928
EASTER SUNDAY
GLEICHEN
Church school at 11 a.m.
Social 1:30 p.m.
7:30 "The Easter Hope."
Special Music.

"Dearrah" to the living Lord
Adam
The King of Glory shall come
Loren
Communion and Reception of members.

ARROWOOD—

10:30 a.m. Easter Service.
11:30 a.m. Sunday School.
2:45 p.m. Easter Service.

COMING EVENTS

April 6—Passion Play Observance in United Church at 2 p.m.
April 7—Apron sale in Dining Room of Community Hall by the ladies of St. Andrew's W. A.
April 8—Women's Auxiliary to Stars of David and yellow plan.
April 11—Jack Moss's Auction Sale east of Gleichen.
April 12—P. T. Rhodes Auction Sale east of Gleichen.
April 13—Comedy-drama "Poor Father" in Meadowbrook Hall, Dance.
April 13—Miss Jessie's Recital in Queensdown Co-operative Hall.
April 14—M.F.W.A. Sale, Farm produce and home cooking, Gleichen Community Hall, 8 p.m.
April 15—Miss Jessie's Recital in Queensdown Co-operative Hall.
April 16—Miss Jessie's Recital in Queensdown Co-operative Hall.

Golden April walks the wood, Clad in cloth of pale green silk; From every clod and yellow gleam, From every bird her feet have kissed

With gentle finger-eyes she strokes, The willow branches smooth and dark; And soft gray candles, silver turned, Come out and sit along the bark.

She smiles, and gay anemones, Lift up their heads and wink their eyes; And Johnny-jump-ups laughing, Salute the blossom of the skies.

Golden April walks the wood, A mistress ease of magic art; To waken dew or sleeping things, She works her magic in my heart.

CARL LEAMBLE Presents—
Reginald DENNY
IN
"Out All Night"

With MARIAN NIXON Ben Hendricks, Jr., Walter O'Neil, Dorothy Earl, Lionel Braban, Dan Macan.

Saturday Night in Gleichen Community Hall

Ship Built to Float On Dry Land

Did you ever see an ocean liner standing in the middle of perfectly dry field? So there is such a phenomenon at Universal City, California, where the S. S. King George, one of the finest ocean greyhounds ever constructed, lies out upon the hills with never a splash of water to be seen. It is a thought of chance of ever reaching 618 on the ship.

The ship was built for the film-making of the Universal super comedy, "Out All Night," which comes to the Gleichen Community Hall, April 17th. It is complete in every detail, including the man who constructed it, could easily cross the ocean if by some means it could be taken to the water front and engines started.

While that might be a slight exaggeration, the bulk is, in all probability, one of the most perfectly constructed crafts ever built or designed for the filming of a motion picture. The boat is complete in every detail, even down to a swinging door in the hold where the cargo of freight is present from the bolts, to the deck, to the great amount of bodywork. If Young keeps up his present form he is much older and he is only 20 years old now.

The entire playing strength of both teams was used and every man acquitted himself well. The star was sprinkled over Doug Young and Harold Hicks, rival defence men, both men playing brilliant hockey throughout. Young, who was named out to an independent stage early in the season and recalled late in the season turned in a wonderful game definitely.

He broke up numerous Stranded runs, using his body freely as a defence, but employing an effective check with great success throughout. He was almost unconscious in his ability to break up Stranded runs.

"The Okeman continued his driving attack in the second period and before three minutes had slipped Rice got through only to shoot into Dorey's path in an effort to pick a corner. Young and Dorey rushed nicely and then after six minutes the fair grabbed Kitchener's long tally. Young took the puck down along the boards and when Dorey was uncovered in front he slipped the puck into the net just inside the post."

Even so we could see ourselves as there as we probably wouldn't.

A number of airplane ambulances, in which operations may be performed in the air, have been ordered for the Royal Air Force of Great Britain.

Little Rose Rutledge of Brownville, Tex., has a 10-pound Mexican wildcat for a pet.

An electric machine has been designed for use in stretching persons to a greater height.

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Gleichen Bay Makes Good

Every true Gleichenite will be most happy to learn that Doug Young is making good as a professional hockey player down in Ontario. He is another member of "Gleichen's Home Brew Team," Doug was born in Gleichen and had remained home to see his first game. He is now a member of the "Gleichenites" team.

Last fall he was engaged by the Millinerville of Kitchener, Ontario, who "farmed" him out to some team in Michigan, but later they might find it to get him back. He is now a member of the "Gleichenites" team.

Appended are few extracts taken from Ontario newspapers concerning the playing of Doug Young. On his showing against Stratford he is the most improved hockey player of the entire Millinerville roster. He stopped every rush that came his way getting the man and the puck with equal effectiveness. If anything he poked the puck away from the carrier with more success. A defence man who has the ability does not have to do a great amount of bodywork. If Young keeps up his present form he is much older and he is only 20 years old now.

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LESSON No. 15

Question: Why is emulsified cod-liver oil so important as an added ration with milk in the diet of children?

Answer: Because when it is mixed with milk it makes milk a more efficient rickets-preventing food and builder of strong bones. Children like it best in the form of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

PAINTED FIRES

—BY—
NELLIE L. McCLUNG

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CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

It was strange for Arthur Warner, after all his lonely years, to be sitting here talking so intimately to a woman who was a comparative stranger, and receiving from her confidences which she had given to no one else. He thought of his own lonely house—so precious to him, so eagerly acquired, so patiently worked for—how a woman like this would have brightened it and graced it with her presence. She was so calm, so brave, so gentle.

When their eyes met Helmi smiled encouragingly at him, though sadly too, as if the tears were not very far away. Were they tears because he was going?

"Helmi," he said, "we are both facing the elemental things of life, and it draws us together. We are facing the hardest things that men and women ever have to face. Your part will be to give life, maybe at the expense of your own. Mine is—God forgive me—to take life. Are you afraid?"

Helmi shook her head. "No," she said, simply, "I believe in God—I believe He loves me. I love Him. Every day I say my good words. I learned them in His house. They are, 'Cherish health; Seek truth; Know God; Serve others.' Then I say, 'Please God, bring home my Jack.' It is good to pray, Mr. English, when one is afraid."

The first ragged whistle of the train came booming down the valley. "Tell me your name Helmi," he said. I want to say good words for you and for your Jack."

Helmi took his hand and impulsively kissed it. "Helmi Doran," she said. "I am glad you will say good words for my Jack. Maybe you will see him over there—I know he will go."

"I hope for your sake that it will all be over when Jack comes home at Christmas."

He was standing up now with his cap in his hand. The train was whistling again as it came slowly down the grade. Helmi looked at him re-

OPERATION LEFT HER VERY WEAK

Letter Tells of Wonderful Relief After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Coniston, Ontario.—"After a severe operation and a three weeks' stay in a hospital I returned home so weak that I was unable to move a chair. For four months I was almost frantic with pains and suffering until I thought sure there could not be any help for me. I had very severe pains in my left side and my feet ached every night. One day when I was not able to get up my mother begged me to try your medicine. My husband got me a bottle of Vegetable Compound at once and I took it. I started a second bottle, and to my surprise and joy the pains in my side left me completely and I am able to do all my work without help. I am a farmer's wife, so you see I can't be idle long. In all, I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of the Compound Tablets, two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and have also used the Sensitive Wash."—Mrs. L. LAZENBY, Box 103, Coniston, Ontario.

W. N. U. 1727

erently. It was not merely a lonely, weather-beaten homesteader she saw standing before her; she saw a brave man who was willing to give everything he possessed, not withholding his own life, for the cause of human liberty, and on his face she saw the unmistakable majesty which comes to those who are appointed to die.

Arthur Warner bent over and kissed her shining hair. "Good-bye, dear Helmi," he said.

"Good-bye, God bless you, dear Mr. English!"

When Arthur went out he met Mrs. McMann coming in. She had come presumably to ask Helmi what she had done with the tape-line.

CHAPTER XX.

It was in December that Helmi decided to delay no longer, she would go to the city. Jack had told her to go to his mine boss and get the two hundred dollars which was due on his wages. She had not needed it until now, and had felt it best to leave it where it was. She had hoped her Jack would be home to her before this, and then he could go himself. Helmi had earned seventy-five dollars from Mrs. McMann, too, and she had often imagined the proud look which would come to Jack when she would show him the fifteen-dollar bills in the pocket of her black valise. Helmi knew what she was going to buy with it, too. Had she not marked things in the catalogue? But the days had worn wearily on and there had been no word. It was often hard to keep from crying, but it must be all right—God would not let her dear Jack be lost.

The Blue Book was a comfort, too. It was so full of happiness. The Blue Book was sure everything would come out right. She wondered if the people who wrote the Blue Book ever had their men go away so far and stay so long. She had found the Blue Book was right in what it said about gardens. It said a garden links one with God. Helmi had been happiest in her little garden, every sod of which she had turned herself. In the summer evenings she had worked there until it was so dark she could not see, and never did sad thoughts come to her then.

Helmi took it as a sure sign that God was pleased with her when her plants grew so beautifully and the hail-storm which broke windows in some of the houses did not touch her garden at all. Helmi was proud of her garden, too, because it was the first garden in Eagle Mines, and also because the women said nothing would grow. In that way her head-lettuce, radishes, onions, cabbage, carrots, and beets were something of a triumph. But best of all was the square in the middle, where stocks and asters and nasturtiums grew. Every day there were bouquets from her garden on the tables at the boarding-house, and although they were nothing like the flowers which Mrs. McMann herself had grown in Lincoln, Nebraska, either in color size or perfume, yet even Mrs. McMann admitted they were very nice flowers as flowers go in Canada. Helmi did not mind what Mrs. McMann said. She and the mountains knew they were wonderful flowers. The mountains had looked down upon her so kindly all summer, she knew they were pleased.

There was no dearth of praise among the men, who were glad to have fresh instead of canned vegetables for their meals, and twenty-four dollars was the sum Helmi had in the pocket of her black valise to prove that her garden had been a success. Even after the vegetables were done the asters and stocks flared and bloomed, and Helmi hoped that by some chance Jack would come in time to see too. They seemed to grow more showy and brilliant as the night frost drew nearer and nearer. But one night, while she slept, the frost slipped down the mountain, without a sound, and laid low every stalk and every bloom in her garden, and having done its work went back the way it came. The morning sky was blue and bright, the sun was warm, and playful little breezes turned the dead flowers over, just to be sure that none were missed. When Helmi came out and saw the work of the night she wrung her hand—but only for a minute. That day she raked the dead stalks into a pile, and she burned them when they were dry and dug the garden for her next year's planting.

Helmi had not yet brought herself to ask for the two hundred dollars Jack had left. She wished the time-keeper would give it to her without asking for it, but the days wore on and she knew she must go soon. She would not let Mrs. McMann or anyone think she was grieving or distressed. Jack had told her that the greatest thing in married life was to trust and not be afraid, so she affected a gaiety she did not feel, which quite deceived the "elite" lady.

"These foreigners haven't got any fine feelings," Mrs. McMann told her



friend Mrs. Turner. "Now one would think Helmi would feel a little shy, but pass her house any time you like and you can hear her singing, and as long as the days were nice she was either working in the garden or sitting outside sewing. And mind you, she went into the store and asked for white flannel from Jim Dawson—Mrs. Dawson told me. Well, of course, one can't expect much from these foreigners, their standards have never been like ours. Mr. McMann often told me I was too shy, but it was the proud Weekes way!"

Helmi waited until the middle of the month. Still no letter, no word. There was no use going to the post-office. The same answer was inevitable—"Nothing today." She could hear it all the time, beating, beating on a sore spot in her heart. But always she had been able to smile and say something, words she had prepared on the way down.

One day she went to the stuffy little mine office and spoke to the time-keeper about the wages Jack had not taken. The time-keeper sat in his shirt-sleeves making out his accounts. The place reeked of stale tobacco, and dust lay gray on the window-sill. Quite frankly Helmi explained her reason for going to the city.

The time-keeper looked confused and embarrassed. "I'm awful sorry, Helmi," he said, "but it looks as if there has been a mistake here some place. There was two hundred dollars owing to Jack when he left, but a man came one day with an order from Jack and I gave him the money. He said when Jack got to Peace River he found there were some things he needed. It was about a week after Jack left, if I remember—I have the order here, if you would like to see it. You see, I didn't know you would be wantin' it, or anything, or I would have refused this fellow, but he had the order and I couldn't very well do anything but pay the money over."

The nausea that came over Helmi made her sway uncertainly, but she caught the back of a chair and managed to say, "Oh! It is all right; Jack left me lots of money; I really do not need it. I just thought I had better take it with me." She was holding her lips very tightly so they would not tremble. She even smiled, winking very quickly to keep the tears back. "I expect to meet Jack in the city," she resumed. "He has forgotten to mention to me that he sent for the money—but it is quite all right. I have plenty. Goodbye, Mr. Hamilton. It looks like snow, does it not?"

Helmi turned away quickly. The time-keeper called her back. "Say, Helmi," he began awkwardly, "don't think I am buttin' in or the like of that, but I just wanted to put you wise. That old bird of a magistrate at Bannerman has been shootin' off his mouth. It seems he claims he knows a lot about you. He says—Oh, well, I don't need to repeat what he says—he is drunk most of the time, and nobody should mind a word he says; but he declares you and Jack ain't legally married at all, and he insinuates that Jack sort of tipped him off. Oh, I don't know the las and outs of it, but I just wanted to warn you to hang onto your certificate, and then in case of a frame-up you have the deadwood on them all. You have the certificate, have you not?"

Helmi nodded, her heart was beating in her throat so painfully she was afraid he would see it.

"Well, then, you're all to the good. But I just thought I would warn you up on what was goin' round. We're all for you, Helmi—you know that!"

Women, Your Manifold Duties Require Strength

St. Catharines, Ont.—"During my early married life Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was very helpful to me as a tonic and nerve. I had become all run-down, my nerves were all upset, I could not sleep, and was weak and miserable. I was advised by my mother to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it relieved me of all the nervousness and made me a well, strong woman. Since then I have always recommended it to weak women."—Mrs. M. F. Slack, 5 Francis St.

All druggists. Fluid or tablets. Write the Faculty of Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., if you feel the need of free advice.

Ever tried Dr. Pierce's Pleasant (Laxative) Pellets? 60 Pellets for 30c.

Helmi thanked him without knowing what she was saying, and got out of the office some way. The little street of houses seemed to be all eyes; all red-lidded eyes, staring and pointing at her; voices whispering closing in on her as if they would and mocking. The mountains were gladly grind her to powder, and the river—the river was the worst of all as it ran slithering by so green and deep and cold. A man had drowned himself at one of the other mines last week because his wife had taken his money and run away, and now Helmi knew that wasn't the reason at all—it was because the river had taunted him so, and mocked him, and dared him, and driven him to it.

Helmi reached her own house, and, going in, shut and locked the door. She must think! A basin of water stood on the box. She buried her hot face in it to try to stop the tears that were burning in her eyes. The heart-beat in her throat seemed to choke her.

"Oh, Aunt Lill! Aunt Lill!"

But it could not be. Her Jack Doran was a good man. God was good. She sought the Blue Book anxiously:

"Oh! to be a girl and see
Beauty in flower and bird and tree;

To pass through, strong and pure
and good.

The gate which leads to womanhood."

She read it all with a heart that grew heavier and heavier. It was not for her at all. She was no longer a girl. She was a woman, with a woman's heartache, old as the world, black as night, and deep as the deepest sea.

And with all the hosts of heaven and all the ministering angels around the throne, there was no eye to pity and no arm to save—not one.

Yes, there was one. A dog whimpered at her door, and instinctively Helmi arose to let it in. A very thin and wistful looking sable collie, with a chewed rope hanging from her collar, entered timidly. It was the dog that Arthur Warner had given away and that had been kept tied up by her new owner, in the hope she would forget her old master.

Today she had made her escape and found her way to Helmi's door, demanding by her eager looks to know where her master was. Helmi tried to explain in both languages, but in vain. Then she offered her food, which she refused, still begging Helmi to tell her the truth.

The collie made no response to Helmi's attempts to comfort her, and having convinced herself that her master was not in this house, she asked only one thing, her freedom. She would take to the open road again. She would be on her way, Helmi, knowing what was in her heart, and the hopelessness of the quest, endeavored to keep her, but she knew she was hating her for holding her back from her only chance. At last, with her heart sore for the dog's trouble, as well as her own, she tied a thick piece of bacon to her collar, knowing she would break the string with her paws when she wanted to, then opened the door and let her go. She ran straight to the station, whimpering excitedly. From there she ran yelping down the track with her nose to the ties.

Helmi watched the poor animal until a bend of the road hid her from sight. Then she turned back into the darkened room sobbing. "Poor dog! poor dog!—just like me, forsaken. Men who go away should shoot all of us who love them!"

Helmi hired a horse and buggy the next day and drove down the valley to Bannerman. She would know all there was to be known. She would find out what the magistrate meant.

It was a glorious day of blue sky, with a high wind that came booming through the pass in the mountain, roughening the deep pools of the river as it rasped over them. Helmi loved its cool breath on her hot face. She could not be cast down on such a day. Her Jack had not fooled her—no matter what any one thought.

Helmi told herself again and again that her great fear was that something had happened to him—her dear Jack, so white-skinned, clean and gentle.

Anyway, she would be brave. Next day was train day, too, and he might come. Twice a week the train came down to Eagle Mines from the main line. Helmi had so often watched it coming in, her heart in her mouth, that she had grown to dread train days, for during the last few months at the first ragged whistle that came wearily piercing the valley a violent nausea had seized her. As she now drew near her destination it came again. She thought of the Wymuths and their awful philosophy. Was all this part of her punishment? Was it all wrong? Had she done wrong? But still, everyone who was in the world had come the same way. Surely God wanted people, and yet, why did he punish women so? She sat still a while, letting the horse feed along the side of the trail.

The flat, stale taste which you sometimes find in tea may be due to the package it is put up in. Red Rose Tea is of such fine quality that no chances are taken. It is packed in aluminum, the only material that gives complete protection against dust, dampness and deterioration.

S.W.

The magistrate was at home. No, he did not remember her. Helmi Milander, a Finn girl, whom he had married to Jack Doran last March? No, he did not remember. He and his friend, Major Gowsett, looked at each other. The magistrate winked knowingly. "I think you are mistaken, girl," he said sternly.

Helmi handed him her certificate. "You gave me this paper," she said. The magistrate addressed his friend. "There's only one way to settle this. I'll look up the record. If I married her to this young man the record will show. A certificate tells nothing. Anyone can buy a certificate and fill it in."

He went to a dusty cupboard, whose open door revealed only a row of bottles, brown, with gold labels, gleaming evilly through the gloom of the room. With difficulty he found his record book and spread it before him on the littered table.

"You said March of this year?"

"March the twenty-first," said Helmi, breathing quickly.

The pages were turned slowly. "I married no one on March the twenty-first," he said, looking around at her over his glasses.

"Look at other dates, then," said Helmi, trembling; "I may be wrong." The two military men regarded her closely. "You are wrong more ways than one," said the magistrate, slowly. "Look—see for yourself—there is no entry of any marriage."

A sudden fury came over Helmi. "You were drunk that day," she cried. "You were red-eyed and staggering! You forgot to write it down. You sent me out. You spoke to my Jack here while I sat outside. You mind I said 'Come outside to marry us.' You were cross and swore."

Major Gowsett interposed. "Hush, girl," he said, "you must remember Col. Blackwood is a magistrate. Your condition makes you hysterical. We're sorry for you, but you must not speak like this."

Col. Blackwood said not a word. He went again to the cupboard, and after fumbling among the papers there brought back a newspaper slightly yellowed. "I'll show you something, you lie!" he said, slowly, taking his pipe from his mouth and laying it carefully on the windowsill.

"Do you think I would marry you to a decent boy—a boy of good family—who was foolish enough to think of marrying a foreigner of whom he knew nothing, and of whom the police knew considerable? Look!"

Helmi leaned over and scanned the paper. Her own picture stared at her. For a moment she forgot everything but the pleasant memories it brought to mind of Miss Abbie's house and its kindly shelter. The picture was taken in front of the house; she had worn her white middie and pleated skirt. She remembered now that Mrs. Wymuth had asked for a photo—it was one of the rules of the Home.

"Helmi Milander, young Finnish girl who escaped from the Girls' Friendly Home. Arrested here a year ago in the worst Chinese den in the city." Helmi reeled, and would have fallen had not Major Gowsett sprang to her assistance and placed her in a chair.

"Do you deny this?" asked the Magistrate, when he thought she was sufficiently recovered to speak.

"No," said Helmi faintly; "that's my picture, but it's all a lie."

"Of course, they all say that."

"Well, at least you can understand that I was not anxious to marry you to young Doran or any decent man. You have a record, you see, and every

The "Flu" LEFT HER WITH A VERY WEAK HEART

Mrs. Beulah Demore, Pleasant River, N.S., writes:—"Having suffered with the 'flu' a few years ago, I was left with a very weak heart."

"I was unable to go about, and could not do my housework."

"I would get dizzy spells and would have to go and lie down."

"I could not sleep at night as the least little noise would wake me up."

"I tried different kinds of medicine, but they seemed to do me no good."

"A friend recommended

MILBURN'S HEART NERVE PILLS

I have used five boxes and am much better; do not get those dizzy spells, and can do my own work as well as ever."

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magistrate in Canada has a copy of this."

"Did Jack see this?" Helmi asked after a pause.

"Yes, I showed it to him while you sat outside," said the magistrate, "but he told me to go on. Like every other young fellow he wanted his own way. But now I advise you not to try to make trouble. You have no claim on him—remember that—and he's gone away, I hear, for good. You'd better go straight back to this Home that you ran away from. No doubt they will help you through again. I understand many of the girls come back two and three times. In fact," he said turning to his friend, "that is one great objection to these Rescue Homes—they make things far too easy for girls of this class."

Helmi was staring past them vacantly. The pallor of her face was deepening.

"Now, look here," said the magistrate, sharply, "no tricks, no faints. You're an old hand at this, although you are not old in years, and you can't make me believe you are an innocent young thing, who has been deeply wronged. You're well able to look after yourself."

Helmi rose uncertainly. She reached out her hand for the certificate she had given him.

"This is no good," he said, "you may as well leave it here."

"Give it to me," cried Helmi, with some of her old fury, snatching it from his hand.

"Take it then, you tiger," he said angrily. "It's no good to you. Take it and get out of here! I am not running a Girls' Friendly Home here."

Helmi opened her purse to replace the paper, and as she did so a card dropped out. She stooped and picked it up. It was a white card bordered with maple leaves, and in the centre were printed these words: "Welcome to Canada!"

The sight of the card brought Helmi back to the night she had got it. It was her place-card the night the girls gave her the party. They were good to her and would be sorry for all this trouble which had come to her. This man who had caused her so much harm would suffer for it. Canada was all right. God was all right. This man was a devil. In a moment all her faintness was gone, succeeded by burning rage.

The two men watched her uneasily. There was something terrible in her anger. She walked over to the table and stood in front of Col. Blackwood. "You are a bad man," she said, "A devil—an old dirty, drunken devil. I hate you, and I will kill you. If my man does not come back to me I will kill you." Her voice was low, but it filled all the room. "It will be your fault, and I will come back here and kill you."

Before either of the men could recover from the shock she was gone.

When Helmi drove into the yard at the Boarding House old Slim, who had been watching for her, came to take her horse. Mrs. McMann came out, too, and the time-keeper, and the mine boss. They had been talking it over.

Helmi stepped out of the buggy and stood leaning against the wheel. Her face was white and lined, and her big eyes were feverish.

"Well, Helmi, what about it?" said Mrs. McMann, who could bear the suspense no longer. "What about it?"

"It is not in the book," said Helmi, wearily. "He says we are not married at all. He says Jack was fooling me. He is an old devil, that magistrate."

"Tough luck, Helmi," said the mine boss. "But we all know it wasn't your fault. He fooled you—that's all."

(To Be Continued)

A Household Medicine.—They that are acquainted with the sterling properties of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the treatment of many ailments would not be without it in the house. It is truly a household medicine and as it is effective in dealing with many ordinary complaints it is an inexpensive medicine. So, keep it at hand, as the call for it may come most unexpectedly.

The real joy of living consists in making one's own mind a pleasant place to spend one's leisure moments.

Use Minard's Liniment for Corns.

She—"I wish I could feel certain you love me."

He—"So do I!"

To have the children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Expeller.

Happiness doesn't consist in having everything you want, but in the ability to get more.

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Diamond Dyes

Just Dip to TINT, or Boil to DYE

A cannibal is one who loves his fellow-men.

NO BETTER MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

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A medicine for the baby or growing child—one that the mother can feel assured is absolutely safe as well as efficient—is found in Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are praised by thousands of mothers throughout the country. These mothers have found by actual experience that there is no other medicine for little ones to equal them. Once a mother has used them for her children she will use nothing else. Concerning them Mrs. Charles Hutt, Tancook Island, N.S., writes:—"I have ten children, the baby being just six months old. I have used Baby's Own Tablets for them for the past 20 years and can truthfully say that I know of no better medicine for little ones. I always keep a box of the Tablets in the house and would advise all other mothers to do so."

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9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and
2:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. Daily

Council meeting second Friday of each month at 8 p.m.

This office will be closed as follows:
Sundays, Statutory Holidays and the last fortnight of July each year.

ALSO—

First two legal working days of each month for meter reading and first two legal working days following the fifteen of month for collections, etc.

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GLEICHEN, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY,

ECHOES OF GLEICHEN

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Taken From The Gleichen Call, 1908

MARCH PUBLIC SCHOOL REPORT

Standard VI—Muriel Goodenham, 100.

Standard V—Fred Jones, 96, Olga Ostrander, 88 Kathryn Goodenham, 85, Isabel Goodenham, 83, Hazel McPhee, 71.

Standard IV—Emma Jones 93, Arthur Jones 91, Jennie McLean 91, Fennell Ostrander 86, Willie Servell 82, Kenneth McPhee 84, Angus Servell 48, Muriel Campbell 41.

Standard III—Edna McLean 80, Maggie Whitson 80, Edna Jones 80, Violet McCallen 80, Joe Marshall 80, Duncan McLean 80, Willie Gray 7, Jean Goodenham 75, Joe Teiford 55, Eric Dickenson 51, Lalla Servell 40.

Standard II—Cecilia Wakefield 92, Ruth Buckley 82, Alex Buckenham 75, Florence Teiford 75, Ester Whitson 70, Walter James 70.

The long looked for and much anticipated negro show was successfully staged Monday evening by the Gleichen Municipal Troupe and a success in every particular. Shortly after 8:30 Prof. Todd played the opening march and when the curtain rose there was displayed a fine array of negroes as ever given on the blue grass blades of Sunny Alberta, and the company fairly raised the roof with the opening chorus "Land of Cotton." Then Middleton Beach, with many glowing bows and gestures and a beautiful song, introduced his company; and the following program: Solo, "Red Wing," E. H. Hogg. Solo, "I'd Like to Hear That Song Again," J. W. Clark. Solo, "Way Back," G. W. Gordon. Solo, "Dandy Colored Count," T. P. Fisher. Solo, "It's a Long Way, Jack to Dear Old Mother's Knee," J. A. McDonald. Solo, "Let it Alone," J. E. Kilp. Solo, "Via De Goodbye," T. P. Fisher. Solo, "Star Light," E. H. Birch. Solo, "My Evening Star," J. O. H. McCoy. Solo, "It's a Long Way, Jack to Dear Old Mother's Knee," J. A. McDonald.

The second part of the program was a very laudable sketch in which Messrs. Beach, Fisher, Gordon, Firth and Willie Servell. The show was well patronized by the fact that the sum of \$90.50 was realized.

The call of new palaces in under construction and when completed Chicago's leading excitement will appear larger and better than ever.

Mr. B. Soper arrived last week from Plattsmouth, Neb. and will spend a couple of months in this neighborhood.

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Anne Palmer to Mr. Frank Holburn took place Thursday afternoon, March 29th, at Crowfoot.

Mr. D. Trego had another lot of Idaho land meekers here for a couple of days last week.

Kilcup & Netter are turning out their first batch of bread from their new bakery today. Success to the new firm.

Mr. Larkin arrived from Prince Edward Island yesterday on his life here and may enter into a line of business in Gleichen. He made a success of his business in the east and will be welcomed in this area.

Rev. Mr. E. Fraser leaves shortly for Cypress Hills, south of Medicine Hat, to take charge of mission work.

Although the weather was the worst this year the following ladies and gentlemen drove all the way from Roundhead Monday to attend the district show: Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Viger, Mrs. Hazlett, Messrs. J. Merton and A. Viger.

General Superintendent Lawrence,

NEW CALENDAR PLAN

Another effort to revise the calendar, so as to make each month contain exactly four weeks, is being considered by a committee of the League of Nations. Several plans have been suggested, but one proposed by M. R. Godefrid, director of the International Fixed Calendar League, appears to meet with most favor.

Briefly, his proposal is to divide the year into 13 months of 28 days each, every week and month to be in on Sunday, with the extra month inserted between June and July. It would be necessary to have an additional day at the end of December, and an extra day in Leap years, but these would not take the same of any day of the week.

Thus each day of every month would always come on the same day of the week—Sundays on the 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22nd; Mondays on the 2nd, 9th, 16th, and 23rd; and so on.

From a practical standpoint the proposed calendar would have many advantages and would greatly simplify the keeping of accounts, computing pay rolls, calculating interest, recording statistical data and the like.

Nationally, it would play havoc with anniversaries and church feasts by requiring other days to be substituted for those now observed.

Those who were born on the 29th to 31st, inclusive, of any month would be ligated out of their birthdays.

Still, the same thing has happened many times in the past when calendar changes have been made, and no one appears to have been harmed by the process.

LABOR TO MAGNATE

For a boy laborer in a steel mill to the head of the I-r-g-t industrial concern in the world is a big job, but James A. Farrel, of the United States Steel Corporation, has made it.

When his father was lost at sea with his ship, young Farrel was 15 years old. He has to leave school to earn a living, so his hopes for a college education were shattered.

At 16 he began as a laborer in a steel mill in his home city of New Haven, working 12 hours a day as was the rule at that time. But he somehow found opportunity for the studying of books as well as to gain a thorough knowledge of his work.

Before he was 21 he was foreman of 200 men in a Pittsburgh wire factory, then in turn became a salesman, sales manager and general manager. When his company became part of the United States Steel Corporation he was placed in charge of the foreign end of its business until he became president in 1911. His recent advancement to chairman of the board gives him the most important place in American industry.

Mr. Farrel believes that a young man should begin at the bottom, learn a business, as he did. When his son wanted to enter shipping as a career Mr. Farrel had his work alongside of longshoremen and stowaways on the docks for a year, then by his own outstanding success, it seems that Mr. Farrel has the correct idea about getting started right.

of the C.P.R., stopped at Gleichen last Friday at noon with his special train to meet President W. R. Miller and Secretary W. R. Evans of the Board of Trade and Chairman F. H. Blacklock of the town Council and discussed with them plans for a park.

W. Street & Co. of C. C. Whelan and Service & Gray are supplying lumber for a sidewalk from T. H. Beach's shop to Stuart's corner and the Council has agreed to do the building.

J. P. McBeath intends to bring his quarter section of land at Bowditch the coming summer. He will take the water from the Red Deer river for the purpose, which, as he said, his land is comparatively small expense.

Carrying a load of two tons, a new type New York speed boat can make 68 miles an hour.

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The advent of Spring is a sign that Health needs a pick-me-up

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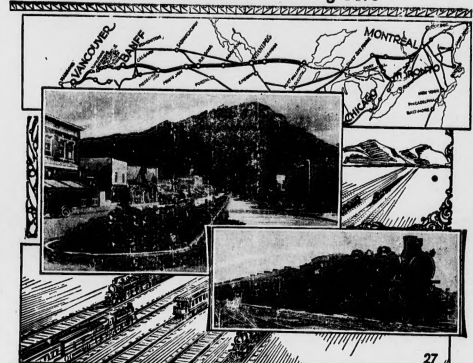
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When the Big Five, the quickest of all trains to be used by the Canadian Pacific Railway, leave for Chicago for the Canadian Rocket and the Pacific Coast, and will consequently run partly through the United States. The "Trans-Canada" will leave from Vancouver on June 11 and the train will commence operation from the coast to Chicago on June 18. In this run two hours will be cut off last year figures the journey taking 72 hours as against 68 hours and fifteen minutes last year. The "Soo-Pac" will leave Chicago on June 20 until August 30, and from July 2 until August 10 in the opposite direction. Both the latter two trains consist of all sleeping cars.

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